# Of Interest to Every Woman

Each Day o' Th' Year · Remoricic. · Bands · **UPSTREAM** Never mind the rocky bed Grip your ours and pull ahead! Never mind the rushing tide Nor the whirling pools that hide Neath the stream on every side. Heed ye not the currents strong Setting toward the ports of wrong-Grip your ours and pull along. Let your sweep be broad and true the course that sets into Harbors fair that wait for you.

### Some Recipes for Potato Salad

Potatoes in salad are always the two hard boiled eggs, sliced and each better for the addition of some crisp slice out in quarters, a little onion vegetable. Mineed or shredded sweet green puppers or shredded lettuce or cut-up celery are the best. The salad is further improved if it is served on crisp lettuce leaves or else with a garaish of white celery tops or green parsley.

Here is an inexpensive potate salad.

Rew potatoes are considered far superior to old ones for sailad by many, But old potatees make delicious sailad, if they are carefully cooked, so that they are carefully cooked, so that they are carefully cooked, so that they are the potatoes and believe the potatoes and boil them in slightly sailed water until they are tender, but do not boil them rapidly, and remove them from the fire before they begin to break and false on the surface. Cook them and then cut them in even died. Mix then, with a third their own quartity of finely minced celery and moisten them with French dressing, made from two parts of oil to one of good vinears and a little celery sail. Then put the sailad in big specimuls on lettuce leaves and tep each spoonful with a sailad in big specimuls on lettuce leaves and tep each spoonful with a table.

For a new-potato sailad boil the potatoes are tender afters in their skins in slightly sailed water in their skins in slightly sailed water with the speciments of the true leaves and type and moisten them with French dressing.

For a new-potato sailad boil the potatoes are tender spoonful of mayonnaise dressing.

For a new-potato sailad boil the potatoes in their skins in slightly sailed water simply to flavor the potatoes are tender speciments on letture leaves and type and moisten the water, but do not add the consideration of the water simply to flavor the potatoes are tender remove them from the water, but do not add the consideration of the water simply to flavor the potatoes are tender remove them from the potatoes are tender remove them from the potatoes are tender set with the potatoes are tender remove them from the potatoes are tender set with the potatoes are tender to the water subtraction of the water subtraction of

Headwinds blow and false lights

Hard is rowing 'gainst the stream; But the prizes are supreme!

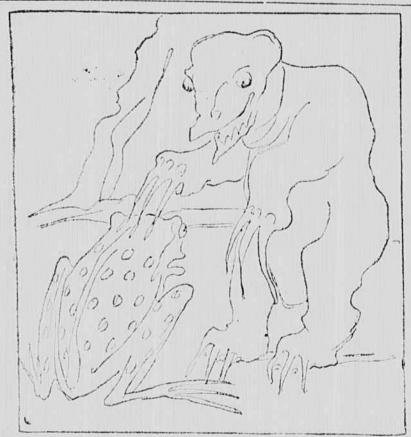
Where headwaters bubble free, There the fountain sources be Of the powers of the sen!

glenm!

## New Indian Animal Stories

Why the Bullfrog's Head is Striped.

By John M. Oskison.



Children, get out your water-color paint-box and color up these pictures.

did not believe that "Brass' was such ' So, they sat down in the light of the

Long time ago, when the little boys a one gambler as people said he was among the ledians wanted to stay include the house and watch the men play like wheel and stone game, instead of going out with their bows and arrows to be wedged, the old men would call them to the door and whisper.

"Dette one, I you slut y watch the gambler, you will pet a striped nead line the builfrow." And then would call them to the door and whisper.

"Dette one, I you slut y watch the gambler, you will pet a striped nead line the builfrow." And then the west the builfrow had told film, but street which the claims so would ask why the builfrow had told film, but street when the same would reliat the west, beyond the place where the sun scose down, and tight next door to the fluings, was the house of Untestly, the greatest the will be was an hard that in play with him, but after he had won all the sine things they owind, he would said them to play for their tives. I would said the motor play for their tives, and when it had won for the last time, but he would said the motor play for their tives. I would said the motor play for their tives, beyond the gate of the west, only the said when the same that the said was an and the said the said the would read the said the will be said to the will be said to the will be said to the will be said the will be said to the will be said to the will be said to the wi

fire and began to play the wheel and MAKING ORNAMENTS stone game. And time after time, as the wheel rolled on the stone, Untsaiyi

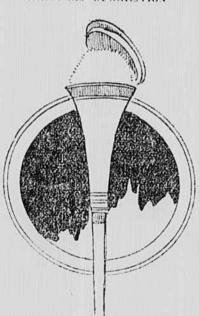
loser!" And the bullfrog nodded and sent the wheel rolling.
"You have lost!" eried Untsaiyi, and he came to where the bullfrog sat and ran his finger nails deep across the head of the bullfrog. And to this day you will see the yellow stripes across his head as a sign that the bullfrog is only a boaster.

adornments gave them when they were young, but the modern boy suggests a baseball player and the modern boy suggests a baseball pl

CHIC NEW NECK ORNAMENT

remain standing year in and year out. But the American-made baby doil has made a marked improvement this year, and her features have olst their "dolland have caught something of the human infant's expression

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION



Layer Cake

## FOR CHRISTMAS TREES

would cry out:

"You see, I have won!" And then the builfrog would pay the wager. After a long time, the builfrog had nothing more to bet, and then "Brass"

Making ornaments for the Christmas tree is a pleasing occupation in which many families are at present engaged. Ballet dancers, dolls, cherubs, etc., are being manufactured by adults "This time, the winner will scratch some deep marks in the head of the loser!" And the builfrog nodded and south the builfrog head and the builfrog

pretty paper faces that come ready to stick on—are assembled on a big ta-ble and the Christmas tree decorators get busy. With the aid of paste-board or cork (taken from old bottles) supports for aeroplanes are easily made, and very pretty when the planes are covered with gold or silver paper. Tiny paper dolls, preferably represent-ing children, gayly dressed in fluffy crepe or tissue paper, make passengers for these.

Simpler are the golden canoes. By Simpler are the golden canoes. By folding a piece of gilt paper-covered cardboard and cutting how and stern on a curve the shape of a canoe, you have a fair pattern, which requires only a piece of gold paper binding at each end and the bending of the cardboard out at the sides to give it the shape of a grape. shape of a canoe. A passenger is easily made from the heads already menloned, and some bits of bright-colored

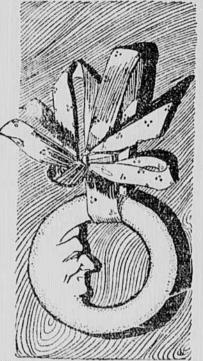


The view house who had been a second many and accuments, disposed from the based work and there is a second many and accuments, disposed from the based work and there is a second many and accuments, disposed from the based work and there is a second many and accuments, disposed from the based work and there is a second many and accuments, disposed from the based work and the second from the based work and the second from the based from t

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Martha Westover





Here is a hand-carved Ivory teething

To clean parchment, rub lightly with a sponge dipped in benzine. Heavy rubbing will tend to weaken the fibre the parchment and thereby lessen its life and value.

To clean maps and documents, dip a soft cloth in powdered pumice and rub lightly. This is preferable to using a

the servant appeared in the doorway, in the stat of the Mighty.

"How do you like the portrait, old from toward nim. She was halfway to him before he awoke to the fact that he was standing perfectly still. Then he started forward, gomehow implied to meet her at least halfway.

thing finer. Ripping."
"I owe it all to you, Les."

was Mr. Fix-it sure enough. He at the lowed a short interval to clapse be fore taking the plunge, "I suppose, old chap, if I should happen to need your rather go out to the terrace?" chap, if I should happen to need your valuable services as best man in the near future, you'd not disappoint me? Booth eyed him quizzically. "I trust you're not throwing yourself away Les," he said drily. "I mean to say, on some one—well, some one not quite up to the mark."

Tender of the terrace?"

"It's much more comfortable here, if you don't mind. I—I suppose you know what It is I want to say to you. You—"Yes," she interrupted wearily; "and knowing as much, Mr. Wrandall, it would not be fair of me to let you go on."

Leslio regarded him with some se-

## HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

Chailis Wrandall is found dead in a roadhouse. His widow, accidentally meeting the
girl. Hetty Castleton, who had accompanied
him to the inn the night before, effers her
a home. The two women return from a long
trip, and Leslie Wrandall, the dead man's
brother, fails desperately in love with Miss
Castleton and proposes to her, but is rejected with horror. Smith, a detective, suspects Mrs. Wrandall of having committed
the murder, but offers to drop the matter for
a price. Mr. Wrandall the cider, disconcerts
the sineth by declaring falsely that he had
taiked with Mrs. Wrandall at her own apartment on the night of the murder. Mrs.
Wrandall, however, agrees to pay the man,
because he had "given her a chance." Brandon Booth, a friend of Leslie's niso falls in
love with the girl and his love is returned,
but she refuses to marry him, telling him
that she will explain why some day. She
contesses what he has known for a long
time—that she once pesed, as Hetty Glynn,
an actress, for another artist. Though the
girl tries to tell Mrs. Wrandall that she
went in innocence to the firm with Challis
Wrandall, she will not listen, but insists
that she accept Leslie Wrandall, who woes
her persistently. verity. "Of course not, old chap What the devil put that into your head?"

CHAPTER XVL

tissue (or gilt) paper. The paper should be so twisted on them that the fringe extends, pom-pom fashion, from each end, and then these are to be tied on pendant lengths on a collection of the paper is booth trudged rapidly homeward after leaving Hetty at the lodge. He was throughout the long all over with the love of the paper. The thrill of conquest was in his blood. She had raised a mysterious crable tissue or crepe paper.

Now, as everybody knows, the boys and girls just passed believing in Sandard Elaus are most anxious to assist in this pleasant occupation, and there are so many things they can make that it would not be fair to them not to let them. Peanut kisses in chains of four to six make a decoration of musual prettiness. These are made by wrapping peanuts in red, gold, siver, yellow, light blue and pale green fringed

THE BEST WAY

Itsue for git) paper. The paper with the love with the should be so twisted on them that the fringe extends, pom-pom fashion, ler. The thrill of conquest was in his from each end, and then these are to be tied on pendant lengths on a gilt or red string, each peanut being tied on pendant lengths on a gilt or red string, each peanut being tied on pendant lengths on a gilt or red string, each peanut being tied on pendant lengths on a gilt or red string, each peanut being tied on pendant lengths on a gilt or red string, each peanut being tied on pendant lengths on a gilt or red string, each peanut being tied on pendant lengths on a gilt or red string, each peanut being tied on pendant lengths on a gilt or red string, each peanut being tied on pendant lengths on a gilt or red string on the film the three are to be tied on pendant lengths on a gilt or evitable victory that would be his level to the in- overcoming object where the better,—for his learn was valiant and the prize understring the process of the in- tied on pendant lengths on a gilt or red string on the film the three sex to he there are to be tied on pendant lengths on a gilt or red string on the film the more zest to the in- tied on pendant lengths on a gilt or with the more zest to the in- tied on pendant lengths on a gilt or with the more zest to the in- tied on pendant lengths on a gilt or withing the cut in sking the red tied on pendant lengths on a gilt o

"It is a good thing to let alone."

"And don't I let it alone? You never saw me tight in your life."

Booth sat down on the porch rall, hooked his toes in the supports and proceeded to fill his pipe. Then he struck a match and applied it, Leslie watching him with moody eyes.

"It is a good thing to let alone."

thought that the way was now paved with roses. But with her entrance, he felt his confidence and courage slipping. Ferhaps that may explain the abraptness with which he proceeded to go about the business in hand.

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"To couldn't wait till to-night," he explained as she came slowly across the plane of the proceeded to go about the business in hand.

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making a clump of yourself up in the Maine woods." "Piffie! Den't be an ass. What's the

"I thought that possibly you'd been

sense preteiding you don't know who "I suppost it's Hetty Castleton," said

Hooth, puffly away at his pipe.
"Who elst?"
"Think she'll have you, old man?"
asked Booth, after a moment.
"I don't know," replied the other, a bit dashed. "You might wish me luck.

though."
Booth knpcked the burnt tobacco from the biwl of his pipe. A serious line appeared between his eyes. He was a far-minded fellow, without guile, without a single treacherous in-

"I can't wish you luck. Les," he said slowly. "You see I'm-I'm in love with her myself."

The Second Encounter.

The Second Encounter.

The devil" Leslie sat bolt upright and glared at him. "I might have keep leaving Hetty at the lodge. He was known! Ans—and is she in love with

felt the beating of her frightened heart against his body. With the memory of all this to lift him to the heights of divince exaltation, he was unable to conjuse up a finer triumph than the witning of her after the manner of the knights of old, to whom opposition was life, denial a boon.

It was enough for the present to know that she loved him.

What if she were Hetty Glynn? What a wint of the word that the loved him.

What if she were Hetty Glynn? What a wint of the present to know that she loved him.

What if she were Hetty Glynn? What a wint of the word to have the me to—er—"

Certainly not," accepted Booth aminable, "I glite understand."

"Then, since she's refused you, you

one thing and another—see what I mean?"

"We shall expect you, Brandon," said Mrs. Wrandall, fixing him with her lorknette,
"FII come, thank you," said he.
He felt disgustingly transparent under that inquisitive glass.

Wrandall stepped out of the car. "FII stop off for a chat with Brandy mother."

back Instead, he planced at his watch of must be off. See you to-morrow, I hope."
"So long," said Booth, stopping at the top of the steps while his visitor skipped down to the gate with a nimbleness that suggested the formation of a sudden resolve.

Leslie did not waste time in parting inantities, he strode off briskly in the direction of home, but not without a furtive glance out of the tail of his

Wrandall stepped out of the car. "I'll stop off for a chat with Brandy, mother."

"Shall I send the car back, dear?"

"Never mind. I'll walk down."

The two men turned in at the gate as the car sped away.

"Well." said Booth, "it's good to see you. Pat!" He called through a basement window. "Come up and take the gentleman's order."

"No drink for me, Brandy. I've been in the temperance State of Maine for two weeks. One week more of it and I'd have been completely pickled. I shall always remember Malne." He dropped into a broad wicker chair and felt tenderly of his nose. "'Gad, I'm not quite sure that the sun did it, old man. It was dreadful."

Booth grinned. "Do any fishing?"

"Yes. The first day. Oh, you needn't look at me like that. I'm back in the narrow path." After a moment of painful reflection, he added, "We didn't see water after the first day. I'm just beginning to get used to the taste of it again."

"Never mind, Pat," said Booth, as the servant appeared in the doorway, "Mr. Wrandall is not suffering."

"You know I'm not a drinking man," He didn't have to wait long for Het-"You know I'm not a trinking man, declared Leslie, a pathetic note of appearant in his voice. "I hate the stuff," ance in the door, he had reveled in the thought that the way was now paved

watching him with moody eyes. plained as she came slowly across the "How do you like the portrait, old room toward him. She was halfway

You'll forgive me, Hetty, if I have

"You induced her to sit to me."
"So I did," said Lestic sourly, "I was not lying down, Mr. Wrandall," she said quietly, "There was not live and providing pr

(TO BE CONTINUED.)